

face worn to a blur.

If Rousseau had painted mountains, he might have painted them as Timpanogos looks from the Heber Valley just before daybreak.

MY SECOND LOOK at the valley came a year or two after the first. I had hiked over the divide from

Bringing in, at the head of Big Cottonwood Canyon where for a hundred years the Lake City people have had their cottages. As I came onto the above Bonanza Flat, within the Snake Creek Canyon below the world opened eastward.

September. I did not
but the Wasatch takes

second is no place in America for
the element in the splendor of
the slots of St. Louis.

from lemon to red-gold, sometimes

on the same tree, but always in great masses from the aspen's habit of growing in groves. Light came off

the shimmering leaves until the very air was gold. On the highest slopes the balsams were nearly black: down

below the aspens the mountains spread a tufted, woolly carpet of

made a dense chaparral; where the bare sagebrush spurs swept around

came over it in a borrowed pickup truck in the fall of 1956, when it was nothing but boulders and tree trunks and raw earth. It took us nearly three hours to make nine miles but if we hadn't been worried about the borrowed truck we would have gloried in every minute of it.

For there it lay, September again, unchanged, exactly as it had bewitched me when I was 12: The slopes of gold and sycamore and bronze, the green bowl, the snow-flecked ridge of the wild Wolf Creek country eastward.

The only change was in the valley's south end where the wildness became suburbs overnight, that did not seem too radical a change in 35 years.

I DID NOT SEE THE HEBEVIA they
again after my second visit.

a good many years, until my wife and I went up to the Heber Hot Pools for a long week end of rest in 1936. The Hot Pools, a string of hot springs stretching from the mouth of Snake Creek Canyon almost to the Provo River, had made the valley a local resort for nearly a hundred years.

where I was, and when I heard the many-tuned soft tinkle-clung-clang of cowbells a good way off, I might have thought I was in Switzerland. As I learned later, those would have been old Cooney Gertsch's cows going to pasture down the street of Midway, and Cooney and his bells both came from Wengen, under the Jungfrau.

We were cautious that if we heard 'Vodell' we did not be surprised that it could only be some 'other' matter. 'Alpanalp, Probst, Buser, Abegglen, Buhler, or other'—the 70 per cent of Midway's population that is of Swiss birth or descent.

Until we spent that pastoral weekend at the Hot Pots I had thought of the Hiber Valley as part of the mountain wilderness, for it lies at the junction of two great ranges, where the east-west Uintas meet the north-south Wasatch.

It is surrounded by the Wasatch, Uinta, and Ashley National Forests, within minutes of the little-visited eastern face of the Wasatch and within hours of the remotest backpack wilderness of the Uintas.

Provo River and its tributary creeks are stocked with rainbow and brook; Strawberry Reservoir, 25 miles southeast, has been a famous lake for native cutthroat for a half century. The ski resorts of Alta and Brighton are only a few miles westward as the eagle flies.

But now we discovered something else, that the valley was Swiss in more than its inhabitants and scenery. For it turned out to be humanized and used like a Swiss valley; it looks raked and tamed, and in that it is unlike any western American mountain valley I know. The reasons are three: This is the best-watered valley in Utah, the people are Swiss, the local culture is Mormon.

and skillfully organized into a
resemblance to that Utah symbol, a
beehive.

GO TO "MUTUAL"—the Young

Men's and Young Woman's Mutual Improvement Association—which meets on Tuesday night in every ward house in Zion, and be impressed with how a church-centered society bent upon old-fashioned virtues can make everyone from childhood up a participating and responsible member of the group.

If you happen to be around in July you can attend the Swiss Days festival which has been flourishing for the past few years. Try Nepht Probst's smoked sausage; listen to the glee clubs and choruses, which are surprisingly good; and mingle, on Midway's main street which for a day or two is an old-world market, with Mormon farmers in lederhosen, Mormon girls in bodices, Mormon cows with bells on, contestants in the state archery contest imitating William Tell.

None of that was yet begun when we stayed at old Schneitner's Hot Pots in 1936, but we learned the charm of Midway's shaded streets, laid out on the four-square pattern of Mormon revelation and sparsely set with houses that illustrate every stage of development since the first settlement in 1857.

There are still solid log houses from the original village; and pot-rock houses, square andillac-smothered, almost as old; and frame houses of later vintage; and at least two gingerbread houses, bright red brick with trimmings of white wooden lace, that were built by the grandfather of Senator Watkins of Utah. He made everything in Utah, the bricks, the mortar, the sills and lintels, the beams and floor boards, by hand.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE either

Mormon or a sociologist to enjoy contact with a society so coherent and—perish the word—